# PLAGUES AND FEAR.

The Cool-Headed Ones Proof Against the Attacks of Disease.

SYMPTOMS OF THE CHOLERA.

Where the Dreaded Epidemic Is Born and Low It Travels.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS A SAFEGUARD

Residents in the volcanic regions of Spanish America generally become converts to the theory that animals can foretell an earthquake, and many old soldiers confess a belief that death in battle casts its shadow before. Napoleon, in his conversations with Las Casas, for instance, mentioned that "General Dessaix was moody and thoughtful before the battle of Marengo, as if the gloom of his impending fate had already overshadowed his soul."

Similar premonitions seem to indicate the peril of certain epidemics, says a writer in the San Francisco Chroniele. Smallpox and yellow fever appear to have no power over others are instinctively sure that they will be attacked and succumb to the contagion unless they can save themselves by timely flight. I remember the case of a New Or leans hospital nurse who was supposed to be fever-proof, but had a deadly horror of the

grippe, the very disease to which she even-tually fell a victim.

In the case of some Eastern epidemies those warning instincts may have saved countless lives, since medicipe is powerless to arrest the progress of the disorder after it has reached a certain stage of development. The history of Asiatic cholera, for instance, has emphatically proved the fact that prevention is better than cure.

Hidden Foes Hard to Overcom. Remedial expedients, such as they are, at best can assist the progress of recovery after a powerful constitution has turned the scales of the crisis, but much oftener the apparent improvement is only a last flicker of the flame of life before its final extinction. lly injecting the veins of a cholera patient with a saline solution resembling in its composition that of human blood, the trance-like lethargy of exhaustion can be broken for a few minutes, but in nine out of ten cases the patient relapses into a more and more irremediable torpor, till at last the wornout energies of the system fail to respond to the most powerful stimulants. The skin becomes cold, the pulse feeble and intermittent, the patient's breath resembles convulsive sighs, and gradually subsides into mere twitches of the diaphragm. The entere mechanism of life comes to a stop, overpowered by the superior vital activity or countless invisible foes.

The perm theory of the disease finds, in-

deed, one of its strongest supports in the symptoms of Asiatic cholers. The drowsiness, cramps and headaches of the initial stage closely resemble the effects of a blood poison. The lower extremities become cold, and constant discharges of watery fluid seem to indicate the rapid multiplication of microbes that sap the fountains of life by on. The lower extremities become cold teeding upon the nutritive elements of the blood and other vital humors. The extreme rapidity of that process may partly explain the conflicting results of various attempts to identify the cholera germ in its successive stages of development,

Some Blame It on the Planets.

Some of the theories advanced to explain the origin of cholera epidemics are absurdly and almost incredibly far-tetched, ch as the existence of an atmospheric tch at certain intervals (like

hypothesis of Surgeon Knapp, of Mexico, who attributed the periodicity of the epidemic to a "planetary pestilence, caused by an increase of planetary attraction, and specially incident to the perihelion of Jupiter, which occurs about once in twelve years." mears in countless

Years."
The only plausible feature of that nightspecially virulent type has actually made the tour of the world in periods of almost exactly 12 years (1826, 1838, 1850, 1862, etc.), lingering about six years on its journey from Eastern Asia to Western Europe. That fact, however, has been accounted for by the 12 years' interval of the great mass meeting of Brahmin pilgrims at the shrine of Hurdwar on the upper Ganges. "Thou-sands of Hindoos make the journey every third year," says a com-missioner of the British Government. "Every sixth year the number is still greater, and once in 12 years an immense throng numbering more than 3,000,000 people makes this long pilgrimage. Poor food, impure water, together with depressing climatic conditions and the entire absence of sanitary precautions, result in the production of the disease well characterized Asiatic cholera. There is more or less contagion every year, but once in 12 years at the great pilgrimage it assumes such pro-

portions that it extends beyond the limits of its original habitat and carries devasta-tion to thousands of households in Europe and even in America.

Where Cholers Is Born, Where Cholers is Born.

The bathing place of the pilgrims is a space 630 feet long by 30 wide shut off from the rest of the Ganges by rails. Into this long, narrow inclosure pilgrims from all parts of the country crowd together from early morn to sunset, washing themselves and their clothes, diving three times or more and then drinking of the boly water, while saying their prayers. Even during the festival numerous cases of cholers are admitted at the hospitals of Hurdwar, and when the vast concourse of pilgrims at last disperses they carry cholers in every direction over Hindostan. It attacks vagrants and traveling merchants, gets into grants and traveling merchants, gets into Persia and so on into Europe." The assertion that cholera can be commu-

The assertion that cholera can be commu-nicated only by means of contaminated water and food seems to be disproved by the inefficacy of quarantine regulations and of the precautions by which the natives of Western Asia try at least to retard the progress of the epidemic. On the appear-ance of the disease in any coast hamlet, hundreds of families embark on rafts and drift along the shore until they find a spring offering a chance for a refuge camp; in the hills fugitives crowd about the sumspring offering a chance for a refuge camp; in the hills fugitives crowd about the sumit ridges and keep up fires with pungent weeds to jumigate their clothes and every morsel of food. On the upper Indus the smoke of these herb piles, which at the same time serve the purpose of signal fires, may often be seen rising from every elevation along a considerable extent of the horizon.

Transmitted by Atmosphere. But in spite of such precautions the epidemic spreads, unmistakably transmitted by the atmosphere, since in more than one case it has been known to cross rivers after the removal of every ferry and after the shore dwellers had ceased to use the water for domestic purposes. As the grip is nothing but a specially malignant catarrh, Asital bullets in the state of the second state of the atic cholers is only a more than usually violent attack of cholers morbus, and there is reason to believe the deadliness of the disorder is increased by the abundance of the fuel it feeds on.

That circumstance may also partly ac count for the recent murderous riots in Asiatic Russia. The report that a number of skillful European physicians had reached the city of Tashkend attracted large crowds of patients, sufferers from fevers and skin diseases as well as from cholera-like affections. The rapid spread cholera-like affections. The rapid spread of the latter disorder soon turned every hospital into a cholera lataretto, but, to the dismay of the natives, the rate of mortality proved enormously greater than in the surrounding upland districts. Ugly rumors got abroad and the Russian physicians, in their rough and ready way of dealing with the prejudices of semi-barbarians seem to the prejudices of semi-barbarians, seem to have made matters worse by ordering their assistants to gag an obstinate Turkoman and force him to swallow the prescribed medi-cine. The man died. His relatives fled, vowing vengeance, and the result was a revolt which threatens to rival the cholera in the loss of human life and may lead to the insurrection of the hill tribes of the

The True Laxative Principle of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap veretable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well-informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup G.

A Traveling Man's Experience With Diar-I am a traveling man and have been af-flicted with what is called chronic diarrhosa for some ten years. Last fall I was in Western Pennsylvania, and accidentally was introduced to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy. I ventured

to make a trial and was wonderfully re-lieved. I would like now to introduce it among my friends. H. M. LEWIS, 24 Freeman street, Cleveland, O. From Rev. Dr. R. I, Miller. Last April, after examining many different makes of instruments, my wife and I selected one of your Conover pianos. We were well satisfied with our choice at the time, and we

satisfied with our choice at the time, and we desire to state now that we are more and more pleased with the instrument as time goes by; larger acquaintance with it only increases our pleasure in it. For roundness, sweetness and fullness of tone in upper, lower and middle registers alike, we are sure the instrument is no: excelled.

Truty yours,

R. I. MILLER,

Minister and Editor.

August 13, 1890. August 13, 1890. To H. Kieber & Bros., agents for Conover

It Is During Great Fpidemics It is During Great Fpidemics

That life assurance societies are liable to falter. Only the largest companies can pass through the ordeal unscathed. The Equitable Life Assurance Society is the strongest and healthiest company in the world. Now the cholera is liable to come. Choose the strongest company. Choose the Equitable, if you don't die for 20 years you'll get your money back with interest. Write for rates and results at your age to

EDWARD A. WOODS, Manager,
516 Market street, Pittsburg.

### ELOOUENT MR. HANDEL

MAYOR GOURLEY'S VERSATILITY. It is Recited and Ixtelled at Pittsburg's

Herman Handel Breaks the Spell. While the Mayor talked, his nicely rounded periods forming golden compliments fluttered like an inspiration around the genial Handel. His heart swelled and throbbed like the rise and fall of the tide, and kind thoughts, countless almost as the grains of sand on the deserted beach, went out to Atlantic City's Mayor and his constituents. Filled with regret at his being compelled to return home, Mr. Handel seemed for a time unable to address the vast crowd that had assembled about him. From his position he looked out upon the gathering,

position he looked out upon the gathering, and turned to him were many eager, anxious, but familar, faces. In fact, he looked down upon a colony of Pittsburgers, and while wrestling mentally for something nice to say about the Mayor he decided to honor him by comparing him to Mayor Gourley, of Pittsburg.

"In appearance," Mr. Handel went on, "your Mayor looks like our Mayor. In fact, he seems just as versatile, just as brilliant and just as ready to do the decent thing. And when I speak of Gourley I forget all about the granges I love so well, and the dominating idea of elevating agriculture almost loses interest with me. Every city boasts of its public spirited and cultured men, but I have traveled all over this country and Europe, and have, in connection try and Europe, and have, in connection with other matters, given a great deal of time and thought to municipal government and the executive force and culture necessary to properly show what a city is capable of and how it may reach out and broaden and hold its place in the list of cities. I have only found two cities that could boast of having men that were large enough to properly fill the office of Mayor. I refer now to the Mayor of Atlantic City and that of our own soot-begrimed city.

safe at Atlantic City I would not be here. I would have missed my train. Dozens of other people missed theirs. They lingered white Gourley told the story of Damon's devotion to Pythias and the love Pythias had for Damon, and long before he got through Manager Wilt's eyes were wet, and they tell me he never cried before. I confess that as I raised and lowered my handkerchief to brush away the exhibitions of my own tenderness of heart the picture he drew was the only thing visible. The house was other's hearts by sacrifice and unselfish de-

THE PITTSBURG

The Farmers' Friend Makes an Address at Atlantic City.

Favorite Resort.

STRONG COMPLIMENT BY COMPARISON

'Squire Herman Handel, the robust and gorgeous politician who lives in Allegheny and prides himself on his Democracy and big horses, returned home yesterday from a month's visit to Atlantic City. 'Squire Handel is a great favorite among the people of Atlantic City. Immediately on his arrival at that resort the Mayor of the place extended to him the freedom of the city and the free use of the ocean. In return for this glittering compliment Mr. Handel pledged himself to address the citizens at some convenient time.

On Monday night just before leaving for home Mr. Handel was called upon by the Mayor and a party of prominent citizens. Handel was found on the balcony of the Mansion House. He was in a delightful nood. In presenting to him the citizens the Mayor referred to Handel's genial disposition, his rare skill as a speech-maker, the fact that the freedom of the city and the ocean had been extended to him, and concluded by sincerely regretting Mr. Handel's departure. "The 'Squire's leaving us is the beginning of the end of the season here," the Mayor went on. "He will take out from us all pleasure and much profit. His going seems little short of a calamity."

A Tribute to Mayor Gourley. "My own occupation has been neglected since Mayor Gourley has been elected Mayor of Pittsburg. I cannot resist the temptation to follow him day by day and week by week as he invites and welcomes to our city and its hospitality all classes, our city and its hospitality all classes, communities and organizations of people. I ley I extract from every syllable he utters the most delightful music. As I was leav-ing home I heard him welcome to the city the Knights of Pythias, and only that I promised Tom Watt to see this excursion safe at Atlantic City I would not be here. was the only thing visible. The house was packed, and Mayor Gourley moved them all to tears as he implored them to help each other up the hill of life, and soften each

"I was in the Wylie Avenue M.E. Church

when the colored come to the exercises. He had been up all night ing veto messages and dealing with thing but religious subjects, but he was there, hat in hand, to encourage the weak prother, to infuse new hope and give a new impetus to the cause of Christianity and to commend the colored brother for clinging, through all adversities, to the fundamental truths; to the great landmarks of religion, even when the clouds of atheism seemed darkest. As he bowed in prayer my eyes followed him, and I inwardly ruminated over the loss theology sustained when he was induced to enter politics.

"I heard him welcome to the city the Scotch-Irish of America, and until that time I had supposed the Scotch and Irishwere distinct races of people with habits, ideas, mannerisms and dispositions so at variance with each other as to prevent any

ideas, mannerisms and dispositions so at variance with each other as to prevent any sort of relations. I was mistaken, and before the Mayor had talked 20 minutes I made up my mind that nearly all the Cork men whom I knew were really born in Glasgow, and that my Belfast and Marrafelt friends, with many from Dungannon, had to me time or other left Seculard for a visit friends, with many from Dungannon, had at one time or other left Scotland for a visit, and finding Ireland a pleasant sort of place, loitered there and grew up with the country. I was so impressed with his history of the races that I have since left that the Caseys, McDonoughs, O'Learys and Burgoynes, whom most of us have regarded as Irishmen or the sous of Irishmen, have been alternating beetween Cork and Glasgow, and Belfast and Edinburgh until they and their people were regarded as Scotch-Irish, and that the strength, power and brilliancy of the two original races might be found in the blending.

be found in the blending.

An Exposition of Versatility, "When the Prison Congress met Mayor Gourley's public spirit again made him master of the situation, and after tendering its members the hospitality of our great big its members the hospitality of our great big city he pleaded with them to do something for the amelioration of the poor deluded people whom circumstances had committed to their care and keeping. With a heart as large as the dial on City Hall clock and full of human sympathy and milk of kindness he begged them to remember the return of the prodigal, and to so shape the penalties and inflictions visited upon the transgress. and inflictions visited upon the transgress-ors as to give new hope and new incentive

to the fallen.
"His tongue had barely time to rest before
the National Convention of street railway
magnates wanted to hear him and they were repaid. On that occasion the Mayor said: "Gentlemen, I extend you a cordial welcome to this city and feel honored in the invitation to address you. I own no stock in either of the various lines covering the streets of this city, and am not at liberty to invite you over them for inspection, but I invite you over them for inspection, but I may say to you that if you can secure streets in the cities of the country as these have been secured you may have abiding saith in your investments. I thought I had a couple of thousand dollars invested in the stock of an electric line in this city, at one time, and deluded myself with the hope that its carning power might keep the wolf from my door during the closing hours of my life, but it was only a delusion. Those intrusted with the investment concluded to water the stock and self nent concluded to water the stock and sell it at its new value and return my money. Were it not for the other hearts that might ache I could tell you some wonderful stories about the transition from horse to cable and electric power and amaze you with the gilded progress of the 1ew who own and control the network of railways in this

The 'Squire Talks Rapid Transit.

The 'Squire then talked for an hour on the new conditions, the new demands made upon public agencies and the strides made upon public agencies and the strides made in the transportation of people, and ventured the opinion that early in the next century every electric wire would be under ground and every streat railway would be overhead and the cars would be shot along over the zigzag routes now held by telephone wires. phone wires.
"To tell you of the work of Pittsburg's

"To tell you of the work of Pittsburg's Mayor is to tell you of the work of your own respected Mayor, Mr. Haudel went on. "I mean only to compliment the head of your municipality by comparison. In addition to those I have spoke of I heard Mayor Gourley address the following associations: The National Convention of Street Railways, National Convention of Locomotive Engineers, National Convention of Machin-

ists, National Press Association, Convention of Loyal Legion G. A. R., National Colored Methodist Conference, Convention of Grand Army of the Republic, Convention of Deaf and Dumb Association, National Convention of Butchers, Convention of Knights of the Golden Eagle, National Convention of Turners, Convention of Odd Fellows.

lowa, "Besides, I heard him address nearly a quarter of a million people at Schenley Park last Fourth of July, and just a few weeks ago I heard of his addressing 18,000 Lutheran picnickers at Idlewild Grove. In short," Mr. Handel concluded, "our Mayor is a dandy, and so is yours."

### CHINESE SMUGGLED IN.

One Way Discovered by Railway Officials to Evade the Strict Law.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Acting Secretary Spaulding to-day addressed to E. H. wohey, the Deputy Collector of Customs at Montreal, Canada, a letter of which the following are extracte:

An officer of this department who has been investigating alleged violations of the Chinese exclusion act on the Northern frontier informs the department that since the 1st of May last about 200 Chinese have taken trains at Toronto for points on the Michigan frontier, and that of this number

taken trains at Toronto for points on the Michigan frontier, and that of this number not less than two-thirds have traveled on the Canadian Pacific. The officer states: "While at Windsor I made inquiry of a personal friend of mine, who is in the employ of the Canadian Pacific railway at Windsor, as to the number of Chinese that has been landed there by the company. Said he: 'I meet gil trains arriving from Toronto over our road, and I have not seen to exceed six Chinese this summer.' On being informed by me that a great number had traveled from Toronto to Windsor over his road, be said: 'Well, if that is a fact they must manage to get off the train before it reaches this station.'

"Thinking that quite likely such was the case, I secured a horse and carriage, and accompanied by the inspector, drove out along the railway about five miles to Walkerville junction, and a-I was well acquainted, we had no difficulty in getting such information as we asked for. I was informed that a Chinaman had never been seen to get off the train at that junction, but said he: 'I frequently hear the night train from Toronto (which does not stop here) stop at the race course.' There is no station at the track, and no occasion to stop. The race track referred to is just two miles out of Windsor, and there is but little doubt that the conductors of that night train stop there and turn their Chinese passenzers over to the white smugglers, thus avoiding their being seen at the city depot by a customs inspector."

### SWITCHMEN RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS. Four Employes and One Striker Wounded

by Pistol Shots in a Fight. NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 30.—The switch-men's strike on the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad, which began on the 14th instant, took a very serious turn last night shortly before midnight, and termi-

night shortly before midnight, and terminated in four employes and one striker being shot. The wounded were: W. R. Smith, foreman of the switch engine gang: George Sprague, night yard-master; W. R. Mapes, a new switchman; J. F. Jones, en gineer of switch engine, and James Sexton, one of the striking switchmen.

Jones, Sprague, Smith and Mapes belong to the night gang. They were all seated on the rear of a coach in the center of the yard, in conversation, when without the slightest warning Sexton and a comrade appeared before the quartet and began accusing them of "scabbing." Suddenly there was a shot, immediately followed by another, and two men lay groaning on the ground. A half dozen shots were fired, and the two assailants started to run away. One of the wounded men had strength enough left to draw his revolver and fire, wounding one of the assailants.

The Deaf Will Be Glad He Is Coming.

Mr. H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., of whom our readers have so often read in connection with his invention called Sound Discs, will be at the Monougahela House Thursday of this week. The restoration of such a large number of desperate and abandoned cases of deafness, by his inven-tion, has excited the interest of the medical world, and his visit to Pittsburg will afford those of our readers who are suffering detective hearing a rare opportunity

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**ABSOLUTELY PURE** 

## **FRECKLES Removed in Three Days** With MME. M. YALE'S

# a Freckla

Guaranteed or Money Ref unded. Ladies and Gentlemen, Physicians and Chemists

ATTENTION While I tell you of the most wonderful discovery ever made in chemistry.

Mmc. M. Yale, that wonderful woman chemist, has compounded a medicine that will remove the most stabborn case of FRECKLEs in three days. Hark, ye doubting Thomases: IF YOUR FRECKLES ARE NOT gone in one week after using this wonderful medicine Mmc. Yale will refund your money. Tan and sunburn removed in one application.

### 81 PER BOTTLE

Until Sopt. 15, after that \$3. Madame M. Yale is desirous of giving out of town ladies the sam chance she gave to the Chicago ladies—that is, tremove their freekles for \$1. Sold by your drug gists, or shipped to you from Chicago on receip of \$1. remove their freckles for \$1. Sold by your druggists, or ahipped to you from Chicago on receipt
of \$1.

Mme. Yale's valuable book, "Beauty and the
Complexion," will be sent free upon receipt of 4
cents p-stage. Gives full instructions and prices
of all Mme. Yale's complexion remedies except
the Freckle Cure. Ladles out of town, send in your
orders before the 15th of September-after that
time the full price is-charged.

Use Mme. Yale's Excelsior Skin Food. Guaranteed to remove the deepest wrinkles. Price \$1 per
jar. By mail or at all druggists.

MME, M. YALE. Beauty and Complexion specialist, of the Mme. M. Yale Co. Temple of Beauty, Beauty and Complexion specialist, of the Mmc. M. Yaie Co. Temple of Beauty,

148 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

A full line of Mme. Yale's preparations can be had in Pittaburg at Joseph Fleming & Son's, Druggists, 412 Market street. Christy's drugstore, corner Smithfield street and Fourth avenue, E. C. Stiefel & Co., successors to J. Kimmel & Co., Penn avenue and Ninth street. W. P., Martaolf Drug Company, corner Penn avenue and Sixth street. S. S. Holland, Druggist, corner Smithfield and Liberty streets.

In Allegheny City at E. Holden & Co.'s, Druggists, of Federal street, and Kaercher's, 62 Federal street.

Going to advertise in the country for Exposition trade? It's time to be making con-

> REMINGTON BROS., Pittsburg, Pa. Telephone No. 1484.

# Liebig Company's=== Extract of Beef.

PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST

INVALUABLE In the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

ROSENBAU **PORTIERES!** 

OUR first shipment of Por-tieres has just arrived, and we can safely say that the line now on display is not equaled by any other house in the city. Mind you, these are brand new goods of the very latest and most desirable patterns-NOT A SINGLE PAIR of them carried over from last season.

All Chenille Portieres, full width and length, plain or with frieze or dado, heavily fringed-every shadered, bronze, mahogany, old rose, tan, medium brown, gold brown, olive, gobelin and ecru from \$3.95 a pair up.

# Chenille Table Covers

6-4 Fringed Fancy Covers at 75c; beats any offering by anybody for similar goods ever put on sale.

6-4 Finest, Heaviest Chenille Covers, with fringe, exquisite patterns, all new, at \$2. Splendid value for the quality. The same in 4-4 at only \$1.25.

New things in Snow Flake Curtains, light, graceful, effective, no old combinations, at \$1.90 and \$3 a

About 100 patterns light and dark SILKALENE or Cotton Pongee, largest variety hereabouts, 121/2c and 15c a yard. These are the figures for first-class and perfect goods.

New Linen Momie and Hem-stitched Splashers, Scarfs, Squares and Table Covers.



510, 512, 514, 516, 518 Market St.

# Heiskell's **Ointment**

SKIN DISEASE.

We base this assertion on our observation of over thirty years, in which time a very large number and variety of Schr. Discuss have been reported to us as cured, by the simple use of Helskell's Olntment, without the aid of internal remeties. Many of these were cases of long duration, that had resisted the treatment of the most eminent medical talent in this and other countries. Helskell's Olntment seems never to have failed in a single instance. Sold by Druggists, or sent by muil.

Price 50 Cents per box. Send for "Hints for Kitchen and Sick Room," Free. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,

# FOR HESTER'S SAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

Author of "Amaranth's Garden," "The Golden Doors," &c., &c.

[Concluded from yesterday.] "As I beguiled him from Hester, so if he breaking your engagement. Girls of the present day do not know their own minds; loses me, he will return to his allegiance, and she will be gladdened and comforted,' thinks the girl, looking out at the woods in their autumn splendor, but seeing nothing of the glory of bracken and heather that carpet the moor outstretched before her window; "how can I be happy, knowing Hester's heart is breaking? One of us two must suffer-let it be me; what is my love worth for Hester, if I can purchase my happiness by her sorrow?"

It is a long, a stormy heart-struggle that goes on to-day in the quiet of Jean's chamber, but the end of it is that she incloses her betrothal ring to Rex Mellor with It is a long, a sto:my heart-struggle that closes her betrothal ring to Rex Mellor with a few curt lines of farewel. She cannot trust herself to write to him at length.

Something has come to my knowledge, she says, "which prompts me to return you this ring. I give you back your freedom, and I claim my own. Our engagement is over, but my heart's desire is that in coming years you may make another happy, and that heaven may bless your union.'

"So that is ended now," she tells herself,

as she seals the letter, "and I will forget forever that I were this ring." The hardest part is to tell Miss Grigson. whose solitary meditations have led her to the conclusion that Mrs. Hamsworth has

fered with concerning Jean's engagement. "She never came near Jean when we nearly lost her with whooping cough, or when I had to nurse her day and night with bronchitis," she reflects, "and now she wants to have a voice in Jean's engagement, and to separate her from young Mellor, who really seems to me a very manly and straightforward lad. If he satisfies me as to his prospects I shall allow the engage-ment to go on-I will not break the child's

heart to gratily Amelia's ambition."

Miss Grigson is therefore taken greatly
by surprise when Jean quietly tells her that evening that she has returned Reginald Mellor's ring.
"It is very dutiful of you to wish to please your Aunt Hamsworth, my dear," she re-marks, "but young Mellor seemed really very fond of you, and it may be that yuy

1 are wronging the young man in so lighor present day do not know their own minds; things were very different when I was young. Now I suppose you will be craving for a peep at society, as your aunt advises, and you will take up with some emptyheaded young top, only fit to be a tailor's model. I certainly believe you were fond of young Mellor—you would not hear a word against him this morning."

This morning! How far away it seems to the girlish heart as Jean answers in a low voice, "they say 'second thoughts are best,' you know, auntie; I did not write to him I never intend to marry."
"Fiddlesticks!" is all Miss Grigson's re-

joinder, "go to bed and don't talk nonsense. You have played fast and loose with young Mellor—take care you don't go further and fare worse." Jean is silent as she arranges her aunt's eandlestick, smelling bottle, milk and biscuits on the little table beside her bed; then she goes down to Hester, who is in a special chatty humor, and it is a long time before she finds herself alone, free to outpour, unseen by human eye, those bitter tears which yet cannot quench within her loving, pitying heart the fires of sacrifice that burn for Hester's sake.

Mellor's answer to Jean's letter is a brief the conclusion that Mrs. Hamsworth has not hing to do with the fortunes of her own special ward, and that she will not be inter
Jean's fickleness has been well deserved. "I understand," he says, "the reason of

your letter and why you returned the ring; you ask for ireedom, it is yours; I will do my best to forget you, but may God ever bless you and may your life be bright and happy.—R. M." happy.—R. M."

"He will soon turn to Hester for consolation," decides Jean, "poor Hester! he evidently fills her thoughts and life—she would always be talking of him if I would let her—but sometimes I feel so selfish I can scarcely bear to listen. Hester shall be happy if I can bring it to pass; how can the to be brought together again? She will forgive his long silence, I know, directly they are face to face. I could never have given him up save to one whose whole heart is full of him." "He will soon turn to Hester for consolation," decides Jean, "poor Hester! he evidently fills her thoughts and life—she would always be talking of him if I would let her—but sometimes I feel so selfish I can scarcely bear to listen. Hester shall be happy if I can bring it to pass; how can the to be brought together again? She will forrive his long silence, I know, directly they are face to face. I could never have given him up save to one whose whole heart is full of him."

But very soon after Hester's return to Stonecanton she sends Jean a long confi

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dential epistle written so joyfully that her friend teels the sacrifice has indeed not been made in vain. Reginald Mellor has sought her out, and Mrs. Soames allows him to visit at the house; he has fully explained his silence by the fact that he has been anxiously tending the sick bed of the uncle with whom he lives. "I am too happy for words," writes Hester; "he knows all about poor mother being in the institute, and he says she will be his charge for the rest of her life; oh, Jean, I feel how little I de-serve such fullness of joy as overflows my whole life now."

Jean answers the letter with a few kind words of sympathy, written in the midst of her packing for London; she is with Aunt Hamsworth, and feeling like a fish out of water amid a busy round of entertainments, when she catches sight of the names "Mellor-Coptord" in a list of marriage an-

Ten years have passed away, bringing on all sides changes, and yet leaving our heroine in quiet Heathbourne, treading moor and woodland path as of old, "in maiden meditation, fancy free!" Never since Heater's marriage have the friends chanced to meet; many causes have contributed to this end—the Mellors live in the south of England, a long way from Heathbourne, and Miss Grigson's increased infirmities make Jean's presence frequently a necessity, but there were times when Jean could have traveled into Glenshire, had she been willing. The wound of old is only just beginning to heal. Hitherto, while rejoicing in the gladness of her friend, she has felt a shrinking from the very thought of ever beholding again the face she has never for gotten—the face that now belongs to the husband of her friend. Again and again Hester has begged her to visit their beautiful homs, to see the little maiden that is called by her name, and the bonnie boy who is Rex No. 2 and as often she has found some reason for postponing the meeting. But et leat Miss Grigson is advised. Ten years have passed away, bringwho is Rex No. 2 and an often she has found some reason for postponing the meeting. But at last Miss Grigson is advised by her doctor to visit that mild locality during the cold weather, and she insists that Jean shall visit the Manor and select for her apartments or a furnished cottage.

"Now bear in mind the aspect and the drainage, Jean," she exclaims, as her niece, whom the Heathbourne girls look upon now as "quite an old waid," bids her farewell ere journeying southward, "and, above all, look out for traces of damp, and

Grigson calls after her; Jean hears the words, and faithfully makes a memorandum in her pocketbook, but her thoughts are at Mossdell Manor. "Will this be a painful meeting for Reginald Mellor," her heart is asking, or has he torgotten her, seeing she is so changed from the bright faced girl he "I shall see little of him," she decides

"I will keep with the children as much as I can; how sweet of Hester to name her girl atter me! but I wonder he did not object, for I must be to him an uncomfortable mem-Jean has to cross London, and her cab is

Jean has to cross London, and her cao is delayed by the breaking down of a wayon; in a hurry she procures her ticket at Water-loo, and enters the first railway carriage of which the door is open. Directly after, the guard shuts it with a slam, and, as the whistle is sounded, she finds with some annoyance that she is alone with a gentleman who is housed in a newspaper. who is buried in a newspaper. "No doubt he resents my intrusion," she thinks. "Well, I can e lange when the train stops; he looks an inoffensive old gentleman, and I dare say I can find another carriage at Clapham Junction if he is nervous of ladies."

The train runs through Clapham Junetion, however, and still her fellow-passen-ger peruses the leading articles; they are well on toward Swindon before he emerges well or toward Swindon before he emerges from the folds of his paper, and then Jean, rousing from a nap, utters a bewildered exclamation. The fact dawns upon her that her companion is not an old gentleman at all, but a man in the prime of life, whose brown eyes meet hers quietly as he removes for an instant his traveling cap.

"Excuse me," he says, politely, "I did not recognize you before." Jean has been preparing herself to meet Reginald Mellor at the Manor, side by side with Hestor and the little ones; but to find him alone with her there, and to know she has to travel many miles in his company: She can find no words at first, but simply stares at him in silence till she remembers she must force herself to speak.

"Oh, good morning," she stammers, "what rainy weather we have had. Hester did not say you were in London." "Yes, I came last night," he answers, curtly, looking with interest out of the window. "Last night! You are making but a short

visit to town."
"I know nobody there," he answered, "in

"I know scarcely anyone now."
"How is Hester?" asks Jean, more composedly. "I hope dear baby's cold has quite gone away now."
"Who is dear baby? Oh! the boy. Has he had cold?" "Of course. Hester was quite anxions about him," says Jean indignantly. A pretty sort of father he must be to ask "Who is dear baby?" and care nothing as to the indisposition of his son and heir.
"Oh," says Mellor, "I dare say be is better; Hester said she was expecting a lady visitor. Are you going to the Manor?"

Jean replies in the affirmative, wonder-

eeble, seeing he appears so forgetful of his lomestic concerns.

Baking

"Oh," he returns to her explanation that she is the guest in question, "and is your husband coming too, Mra er, er."

Jean will not help him out; why should he suppose, as he probably will on finding her unmarried, that she has kept single for his sake? Let him, for a while at any rate, credit her with a husband! "What kind of a harvest has it been, Mr. Mellor?" she asks, knowing Hester's hus-

and is intereste | in agriculture. "How should I know! very bad I expect," he answers gloomily, and then he asks, sud-denly, "what does your husband do?" "Do, Mr. Mellor?" "Yes-has he any profession, or anything

of that sort?"
"Not exactly," stammers Jean.
"Is he very poor?" continues her companion. She regards him with some indignation, but he quietly explains, "I see he could not afford to buy you a wedding

Jean has forgotten that her left hand is Jean has forgotten that her left hand is uncovered; she colors vivilly, then laughs frankly as she answers, "It is no use of my masquerading as Mrs. Anybody, I see; I am still Miss Arden. And now, Mr. Mellor, do tell me all about my dear little namesake—how many teeth has she? Hester sent

sake—how many teeth has she? Hester sent me your dear little daughter's portrait on her second birthday; I tell her you should all be done in a group."

He stares at her for awhile, then remarks quietly, "The little girl has three teeth—"
"Only three!" says Jean, blankly.
"Oh, and a few more, I will count them for you on arrival. I don't think your cushion is quite comfortable, Jean."

Jean starts a little, but reflects that she can scarcely torbid Hester's husband to use her Christian name. He makes her very comfortable, and gets her a cup of tea at their next stepping place. But Jean grows silent and ill at ease; there is a look in those brown eyes that is far, far too much like the lovelight tamiliar of old. After a long, long silence he bends toward her with the words: "Jean, we are nearly at our destination; only tell me one thing—I be-lieve I have made a mistake. Did you jilt

"No," she cried flushing indignantly. "I knew nothing of your circumstances; I had no mercenary reason. Please do not allude

"I thought you gave me up, fearing pov-erty," he tells her. "Why, then, did you "I will not tell you," she answers, "and I think I had better not come to the Manor since you persist in conversation so objec-

to travel with Rex! welcome to England, cousin Rex; it is good of you to visit us so soon;" and Jean, silent and trembling, feels

soon;" and Jean, silent and trembling, feels utterly bewildered, as one in a dream. "Who—who is he?" she gasps, looking at the gentleman speaking to the groom as to the luggage. But only Mellor hears her, and he quietly replies, "That is my cousin and namesake, Hester's husband—the dear baby's father.".

Certainly the two men must have been very much alike in earlier life, but Hester's husband is much souter than his cousin.

husband is much souter than his cousin, and the latter, Jean decides, is far more striking looking. By and by she under-stands it all—that her fiancee never was the Mellor who won Hester's neart, but his the Mellor who won Hester's heart, but his names ke, and often mistaken for him. Business troubles and his bitter disappointment "over a love affair," says Hester, caused their cousin to go abroad; "he only landed at Liverpool yesterday," she tells Jean, "he is joining the London branch of the firm to which he belongs, and now he is settling in England, I mean to try hard to find him a wite."

find him a wite. But the traveller saves Hester the trouble; discerning that Jean expected to find him the master of the Manor, he has quietly arthe master of the Manor, he has quietly arrived at something like the true solution of her change of mind concerning him. She is caressing her little namesake in the drawing-room when he goes softly up this evening, and stands beside her.

"Jean," he whispers, "it is 10 years since I saw you, but your ring is with me still, and I shall never give it to another; will you take it back?"

you take it back?"
"I-I made a mistake about you," she stammers, "oh, Rex, Rex, the years have heen very long-"

And then Jean's namesake finds herself sucking toffee on the rug, and she has a half hour of blissful stickiness, till Hester ar-rives with a raptured "Well, I never!"

rives with a raptured "Well. I never!"
directed at her cousin and her friend, and
Jean, half smiles, half tears, wonders whatever Aunt Grigson and Aunt Hamsworth
will sav when they hear of it!
"We'll write and tell them to-morrow,"
says Mellor, "but to-night, my Jeanie,
come out with me and see the starshine! It
has never been so gloriously bright through
all the years that the sea has divided us!" [The End.]

Massachusetts Heard From. Massachusetts Heard From.

Having used Hill's Pile Pomade while in New York, and its use having resulted in a cure of bind piles of seven years' standing, I deem it my duty to do all I can to have others try it. A. H. BARBER, Three Rivers, Mass. Every package contains a bona fide guarantee. Price \$1, six for \$5. By mail. For sale by Jos. Fleming & Son, 412 Market street.

Western Pennsylvania Fair Excursions to Washington, Pa., Via Panhandie Route. Round trip rate \$1 50 from Pittsburg, August 29, 20, 31, September 1, 2, including admission to the fair; valid to return until September 2

Dr Wirr's Little Early Risers. Best pu

# LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Frost in South Dakota Monday night. -Texas fever is epidemic in Eastern Kan--Venezuela rebels have captured Mara-

-Judge Blodgett will hold on to the Chi--The army will forcibly remove 100,000 cattle from the Cherokee strip. -Water is flooding the Parkslip pit, pre-venting the recovery of any more bodies. -Two men and one woman supposed to be French dynamiters, are under arrest at Montreal.

-Morocco rebels assert that the report of their defeat Monday was a lie. They claim

-Jacques Cartier's compass is to be ex-hibited at the World's Fair. A Montreal man owns it. "L' 'figrim," a famous soda fountain in the Masonic building, Chicago, was raided as a speak-easy Monday.

—A young French Canadian priest in Mon-treal has become involved in a scandal with the wife or a leading lawyer. —E. R. Wingate has been swindling banks at La Junta. Col., with forced letters of credit from World's Fair officials. -Grant and Bertha Evans, and Maggie Worthington, a boating party at Thomson-ville, Kan., were all drowned Monday.

-Cincinnati police saw an unknown man jume from the Suspension bridge into the river Monday night. They found only his

-Mrs. John A. Logan will try to raise \$1,000,007 from American women for the new National University at Washington, founded by the Methodists. Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, of Chicago, has charged Mrs. Bertha Brinkman, who lives in a cottage adjoining his at Lake Bluff, with abducting and hypnorizing Katherine Parkhurst, his 14-year-old daughter.

-Mrs. Berney, a berry picker at Boscobel, Wis., had a battle with a rattlesneke, in which both woman and serpent were killed. The dead body of Mrs. Berney, still tightly clutching the snake, was found Monday.

Taiton Hall is to be hanged at Wise C. H., Va., Friday. The Sheriff has given orders that the moment the Jail is attacked. Hall is to be shot dead. The village and Court House are unrued by 100 armed men, and excitement is at lever heat.

—H. B. McClelland, who for some time has been teaching so ool in Encinal county, Tex., for \$10 a month, has been in ormed by English attorneys that he is the only heir chis uncle, the late Lord William Moore, o. England, and is, therefore, the possessor of that title as well as an estate of \$2,000,000. —At Royal Center, Ind., there has been it tense feeling over the alleged riend-hip the Rev.Mr. Blair and Aira. Hilton, The bity... ness culminated in a shooting Monday night in which John Clark, ex-Marshal, shot an killed HearySuiters, and satally injured Joi Gant and Chris Weirwahn. The three tacked Clark. More sactional trouble is enected.

When going to Carton, O., stop Barnett House; strictly first-class; Fand refurnished throughout ample rooms, Bates, 2 6 and 2 5a.